The nevv made Gentlevvoman

Or, The diſhoneſt Lady.

Written as true as ſhe did relate
How Money made her every Raſcal's Mate
Likewiſe ſhe ſays ſhe's gather'd riches ſtore.
By only playing of the private Whore.
And now in the Country ſhe's gone,
And left me behind to ſing this ſong.

To a new Tune, Or, *The Flatteries of Fate.*

COme Gallants and liſten unto me a while
I'll ſing you a ſong that will make you ſmile
Of one that is pitty, in London fair City,
And Gentlemens humors ſhe can beguile.

My Parents quoth ſhe hath left me forlorn,
And told me how I was begot in a Barn,
But ſince I am to elder years grown
To be told of my Parents I hold it in ſcorn.

I got a few Cloaths and to London I came,
Where quickly my beauty did get me a name;
I tell you the truth although you me blame,
I now am become a Girl of the Game.

The firſt that came to me he was a Footboy,
And he gave me a Crown for to call him my Joy,
I lov'd him and joy'd him and honey'd him ſo,
That it coſt him an Angel before he did go.

A Lawyers Clerk was the next that did come;
And made me believe that he was a Lords Son,
I pleaſed his mind when I found out his play
That it coſt him a pound before he went away.

And next my maſter to me did fraitways reſort,
With Gold and with Silver my perſon to court,
That Riches I gather'd by uſing this Trade
After fozey had uſed me I went for a Spade.

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With flikes & withfeatherings notwithstanding I go,
and in ſtriking rankes on me attend, you muſt
My ſuffice and Black Patches I wore, (know
Will which make all admire that on me doth ſtare.

Brave Gallants I promiſe you both me above
Not taking me to be a Gamſter or Whore,
They'll give me a Guinny if not more I ſmile,
And two for a take-up, thus I them beguile.

By Smock it is Cambrick I tell you the truth,
And handled by many a prodigal youth
I have a fine ſpring that reacheth to Shear,
That it brings me as good as two hundred a Year.

Now I have got Treaſure no longer I'll ſtay
But into the Country ſtrait I will away, (among
Where one of my lovers ſhall board me much
For in a weeks time I drive from me this ſong.

The Gentleman's Song that he ſent his Lady into the Country.

My Lady is grown ſo lumpy and gay (play,
for a great time the City in the country to
Amongſt her great Beaus ſhe a gay ſtately mine,
With ſinging and dancing it makes her go lame.

She plaid in the City almoſt half a year
And yet for her hopes ſhe's never the neer,
But a Gallant muſt play this part you muſt play
His thought in ſome corner that he did her lay.

I ſteering my courſe one night in the dark
I met with a Frigot that ſail'd towards the Park:
She hoiſted up ſail and away ſhe did run
I ſee her caſt Anchor at the Prince in the Sun.

I gave her a Guinny to enter her Port
She preſently yielded to come in the ſhort,
But knowing no ſafe ſtrait did me begone
I gave her a ſhot, but ſhe fir'd my Gun.

And thus I was conquer'd and forc't to retire
For ſhe gave me a Clap againſt my deſire,
She makes me go ſtanking with ſmelling my eggs
you may ſee I'm a ſtupid Aſſe to be 'twixt my 2 legs.

But now her beauty is almoſt decayd,
which makes her to paint for to hold up that trade,
with falſe locks & dizard mocks ſhe hath great ſkill,
But ſhe's known for a whore let her go where ſhe will.

By L. W.

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